UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Stature of a Man

By CHARLES F. DOLE

"Loyalties" and the Problem of Conflicting Allegiances

By HENRY NEUMANN

Dr. John Clifford

By LUCIA AMES MEAD

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1924 NUMBER 18

FOR ALL THE GLADNESS OF LIFE.

For the gift of life in this wonderful world,
For its high cost and its mystery,
For the sure laws of health, making joy,
For power and intelligence, awake to see and to know,
We bring hearts full of gladness.

For the changing seasons and their contrasts,
For the sheen of the snow fields,
And the splendor of winter days,
For the warmth and light of our firesides,
We are glad and thankful.

For the coming of the spring and the long days,
For all growing things flowering into life,
For running brooks and sunny meadows,
And the coming of song birds in the trees,
We are glad and happy.

For joyous summer hours of rest,
For scenes of wonder and beauty,
For the glory of the hills and the sea,
For serene sunsets and moonlit nights,
We keep glad memories.

For the golden days of autumn,
For the color of the woods,
The ripened fruits and the harvests of wheat,
The merry-makings and the corn-husking,
We raise our songs.

For the joy and love of our homes,
For the grace and faithfulness of excellent women,
For the children's laughter and music,
For honorable ancestry and noble discipline,
May we be rich forever.

For all true friends, here with us or absent,
The generous, the loyal, the brave, and sincere;
For the bond of devotion, making us one,
For broadening peace and good-will through the world,
Our hearts beat in gladness.

For beautiful works of art and skill,
Paintings and statues of heroes,
For temples, towers, and cathedrals,
For singers and music and poets,
We are glad and rejoice.

For the leaders of men in all nations,
Thinkers, inventors, teachers, and statesmen,
Defenders of freedom and justice, seekers of truth,
For all lovers of men, the unthanked and humble,
We bring our praise.

For great thoughts, the secrets of wisdom,
For order and law, binding the stars,
For righteousness at the heart of the world,
One mind, one law, one will,
We bow in reverence.

For evil turned into good and sorrow to joy,
For darkness giving way to the sunshine,
For the right victorious over injustice,
For all good things that cannot die,
We lift up our hearts.

For one religion, beneath all names and creeds,
For faith in the goodness eternal, in man, and in progress,
For all high inspirations,
And the hope of life everlasting,
We are glad evermore.

—*Charles F. Dole.*

The Bok Peace Plan is exactly what we expected and forecast—an out-and-out piece of propaganda for the League of Nations. The thought that the prodigious sum of $50,000 is won by a program as superficial, unimaginative, and merely parrot-like as this, leaves us almost paralyzed. We did not enter the competition, partly because we felt that nothing but a League of Nations scheme had any chance for consideration; but next time a contest of this kind comes along, we shall submit a plan beginning "Hey-Diddle-Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle," and expect to win the prize hands down. We shall discuss the Plan more at length later. Meanwhile we print the referendum ballot in this issue, and urge all our readers to vote "No"! (*See page* 288.)

On December 20th last, Senator Borah, of Idaho, introduced into the Senate his Resolution for the Outlawry of War. This second Resolution is practically identical with the first, which was presented to the Senate last February. Thus begins the second chapter in what we believe will be the most effective crusade for peace ever launched in this country! With a long Congressional session now ahead, Mr. Borah will have the opportunity which was denied him in the closing session of the last Congress, to speak to his Resolution. It may be taken for granted that the speech will be an epoch-making utterance, sure to hold public attention and open up a great debate in the Senate chamber. UNITY awaits with excited interest, in no way inconsistent with serene confidence, the approaching campaign.

This year, 1924, will see the beginning of that long series of decennial anniversaries which will keep us constantly busy for the next four or five years. In July will come the tenth anniversary of the Sarajevo assassination which sounded the crack o' doom for modern times. In August we shall meet the anniversaries of war—Germany, Russia, France, England plunging

madly one after another into the storm. In September we shall be reminded that it is ten years since Joffre won the immortal victory at the Marne. And so we shall live over again, month after month, almost day after day, the horrors, agonies, despairs and exultations of the most awful period in the history of mankind. It makes one groan to think of it, especially if these anniversary occasions are used to trump up the old fairy-tales about fighting for "bleeding Belgium," to renew the old hatred of the "Hun," or to sound afresh and afar the paeans of glorious war. If this is to be our experience, then we are indeed come to the final degradation of the race. But may it not be that the very disillusionments of the last five years, which have brought us such disappointment and sorrow, may now do us the inestimable service of rescuing us at last and for good from the phantasms of those first five years after 1914? May not the very spectacle of what the war has brought us, teach us what the war really was from the beginning—a thing of shame and not of fame, of sin and not of glory? And may this not in turn force upon all men the conviction that war under any circumstances is futile and wicked, and never therefore to be supported? These celebrations now bearing down upon us, may save us if they be used aright. But if they are allowed to become the same old military festivals as of yore, we are lost indeed!

Will somebody please rise up and tell us why it is that, in this terrific moment of human destiny, the fate of nations should fall into the hands of such little men? Crises produce their own heroes, events their own masters, we are told. If this be so, where are these heroes and masters at the present hour? Mr. Harding was an amiable, well-intentioned, good man, but no one even of his best friends has ever argued that he was anything more than the most ordinary of politicians. Mr. Coolidge is still pretty much of an unknown quantity, but we look in vain among his achievements to date for any indication of greatness. Mr. Baldwin, in England, is perhaps the most commonplace character who ever occupied the exalted office of Prime Minister. The Chancellors of Germany have been a succession of feeble puppets, Stresemann touching the low water mark of weakness and futility. Mussolini makes pretensions that are Napoleonic in scope, but we see nothing in him but an audacity that is as sublime as it is impudent. Benes, of Czecho-Slovakia, was hailed some time ago as the coming great man of Europe, but he seems of late to have sunk easily to the level of commonplaceness. Of all the men now holding high official position in the world, we see only three who can lay claim to real capacity. One of these is Poincaré, as able as he is wicked; another is Smuts, a man of vision, high purpose, and genuine intellectual and moral quality; and the third is Lenin, a supremely great man. On the whole, the exhibition is pitiful. What wonder that the affairs of the world have come to such a pass, when they are committed to such hands!

No more heartening news has come to us for a long time than the report on lynching for the year just closed (1923). Race riots completely ceased during this period. Lynching underwent a decline which can only be described as extraordinary. The total is given by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People as 26, as against 61 in 1922; and by Tuskegee Institute as 29, as against 57 a year ago. In the latter case, we have a reduction of fifty percent, and in the former case of something better than fifty per cent. This is remarkable; and we believe also it is likely to be permanent, for definite causes are at work to effect this change. Thus there is the activity of various agencies, created or quickened into life by the deplorable conditions of recent years, for promoting better relations between whites and blacks. Secondly, there are the migration of Negroes from the south to the north —in 1923 a second wave following like a flood upon the first wave some few years ago. This has taught our southern whites that the Negro is an independent citizen, and must be treated at least decently, if not equitably, if his labor power is to be retained. Most important of all, we believe, was the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, itself at once a cause and a result. It was unquestionably a cause of increased interest in and reprobation of the lynching crime; also, from the standpoint of the wide support which this Bill gained, a result of the growing indignation on this whole question. The Dyer Bill failed as legislation, but it won, and won triumphantly, as an agency of public good. Like Paul on the road to Rome, the Negroes and their friends everywhere may thank God and take courage.

This is funny! For two or three years past, we have been receiving annual religious census figures, showing the amazing growth of the churches. We have been given to understand that this growth is phenomenal, confuting utterly the pessimists who talk about the decline in organized church life. Now comes the 1924 Methodist Year Book with the doleful announcement that membership in the Methodist Church during the period 1920-1923 shows the lowest rate of membership increase since the period 1880-1884. The membership for 1923 is given at 4,774,520, an increase of less than 100,000 since 1920. Now let us see just what this means! An increase of less than 100,000 since 1920 means an increase of less than 33,000 for each one of the three years 1921, 1922 and 1923. Let us call the number a round 33,000, for convenience—33,000 new members in the Methodist churches of this country per year! The latest figure which we find available, of the number of these Methodist churches, is for the year 1916, when there were 29,377 churches in the United

States. There must be more Methodist churches than this listed for the years 1920-1923, for the Methodists have long boasted of their new organizations. But let us be conservative, and place the number of churches at a round total of 29,400. This means, comparing churches with members, that the average membership of a Methodist church in this country is 163; and that this average membership is gaining each year 1⅛ new members! Well, we suppose that a gain is better than a loss. But this gain is pretty near the extinction point; and, when we remember what church statistics really are, we wonder if it is not there already.

But let us look at these Methodist statistics a little more closely. Who are these new members who are coming into these 29,400 churches at the rate of 1⅛ per church per year, or 33,000 in all churches each year, or 100,000 in the three years from 1920-1923? Investigations announced in this Year Book show that "there are not great numbers of adults flocking to the church in these days, as they did of yore, the increase coming largely from the young people." And who are these "young people"? In a study of 6,194 church members from the Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples denominations, it was found that half of these persons joined the church below the age of fourteen years and four months. In the Methodist church the peak number joined between the ages of ten and eleven. Of these, nine joined the church at the age of five years; twenty-one at the age of six years; and after the age of ten there is a decline which becomes rapid after the age of thirteen. Well, dear friends, what do you think of it? The growth of the church about as small as it can be, and be a growth at all; and this growth predominantly among children of five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven years of age, who know about as much what they are doing as a rabbit walking into a snare. It may be that this means that the church is prospering, but we confess we cannot see it. It looks to us much more like "the slaughter of the innocents."

We are in receipt of a letter from a distinguished liberal clergyman in this country who has recently been celebrating the anniversary of more than a generation of service in the community of which he has long been counted the most precious possession. In this letter, he says:

> I look forward to the spread of the Community Church idea long after we are gone. I am clearly aware that all human institutions are transitory, and that Protestantism is undergoing a vast modification. No change troubles me.

We quote this statement partly, of course, because of its endorsement of the community church movement, and the prophecy of its steady triumph. It heartens us to find a far-seeing leader of one of the great liberal denominations anticipating and welcoming the revolution which is now well under way in the churches. But the chief reason for our bringing this quotation to our readers' attention, is found in the last sentence—*"no change troubles me"!* Here is a man who has passed the Psalmist's span of years, grown gray in the service of his church and city. "My work is mostly behind me," he writes in this same letter! Furthermore, he is a man of stanch personal opinions and convictions, wrought out of the experience of a life-time. "I thought my way through the problem," he writes; . . . and then refers to those "matters where I have not been able to see things as you have seen them." Yet he sees nothing to be afraid of in the sweeping changes of the hour. Nay, he welcomes these changes, for, as he puts it, "I have not gone on all these years heedlessly." Change, in other words, he sees to be the very condition of life; without it must come death! But how many of us can see this, especially in the declining years when we have grown accustomed to familiar ideas and established institutions? "No change troubles me"! Here is the supreme triumph of faith, the perfect evidence of the divine in the human. When we can say this in old age, we have won the crown, "having gotten the victory."

The Stature of a Man

Time was when evolution consisted in building up all kinds of marvelous animal forms—one type following another. Evolution seems not to be busy playing thus with blocks any longer. Where is there any room or any need for another kind of animal? Indeed, the wild creatures are growing scarce. When man was fairly established on the earth, nature stopped producing animals. We do not even find man evolving into any new or stronger kind of body. On the outward side he seems to have got his growth. Who looks for the coming of a superman physically?

Time also was, and probably still is, when the most notable process of evolution came to be the effort on the part of man to achieve what we call civilization. The man from Mars would have marked this in a very obvious growth in our control of forces and over things. Man has come to be a kind of creator. We do not yet see the end of this process of turning everything in sight into new forms of use and binding unseen powers to do our will. Nevertheless, there grows in us a certain weariness of our big and ingenious achievements. Have we been doing anything more than playing with blocks like the children? Again and again the skeptics among us fire their questions at

our boasted civilization, and ask whether the world has grown at all in happiness to match its vast wealth? So far as our creative evolution has proceeded, is this age of dynamite and air-ships any better off than the men were who led off in the astonishing discovery of how to light fires, and keep fire burning in their caves?

But who is this man, who is weary with the gigantic work of conquering the earth, and wants to have more pay for carrying it on, and sets his mind on getting more happiness? Evidently an inward kind of evolution has been going on and seeking to do something with man. Here is a process which the spectator from Mars would not at once see. The main question is not as yet, whether this strange creature is or is not happier than his rude ancestors were. Is he on the way to become a man, who has so far shown himself almost wholly nothing but an animal? This is the question of all questions, and the characteristic of man is, that he is made to ask it, and is staggered and restless until he has an answer to it. What is this thing —happiness—which you have no reason to think any lion or elephant or other animal ever concerns himself with or loses any of it in chasing about after more? The fact is, man is man, only by virtue of possessing an unseen and spiritual nature. Must we not venture to say, that the whole process of evolution on this planet is now pretty much centered on what man is going to be able to grow to, not what he can do with his machinery and inventions and variegated show of external civilization—but on what kind of men he can make of himself, first, as a citizen of this world, and eventually (who shall say not?) as a citizen of the whole universe. For instance, our judgment of the late war, and of the awful confusion which still follows it, is merely a form of the world lesson that we are set to learn.

It would be hard indeed, and many of us would have to give up our faith in the universe if we were obliged to think that the last decade was the work of men, who had actually come to the stature of manhood. We have not been witnessing men's work or a process in civilized life, but a horrible mania or distemper, which people took, as they will sometimes take children's diseases, and would not have caught if they had been grown or civilized men. What a confession have some of the so-called statesmen already been making, that none of them really meant to make the war, but that they stumbled into it! Would to God that the leaders of religion might get their eyes open to make likewise their proper confession!

It is easy to look back and discover now what the trouble was with our misnamed civilization. We thought that we had "got religion," or at least all that we needed to get. We had got it in pious forms that we read in the churches; we had got it in a moderate amelioration of the common conduct of social life; we had got religion in a sense of a certain obedience that we owe to the public law and in the external respect that modern government requires of its subjects. We had acquired a good deal of very precious religion laid up in the hearts of a multitude of humble people in the form of general kindliness and helpfulness. But the standard religion of Christendom was content to praise one real man of long ago, and to let off all other men from any necessity to live a real man's life. An astonishing volume of Pharisaism weakened the life of the churches with its self-centered complacency. When the time of trial came they had neither vision nor wisdom, and when the world needed nothing so much as "mercy, pity, peace and love," they knew no more about the deep law of forgiveness than, if it had never been uttered.

We use the word Pharisee exactly as we use the name of any malady, like pneumonia. Who does not know something of its subtle bitterness? Who can heal it, when it has once blunted the sense of truth and right and kindness? When it blesses those who go out to kill their brothers? When it ministers to men's self-conceit and not to the growth of their intelligence?

What then is our way of remedy and hope? The remedy is immense and beautiful and near. Yes, it is within us and presses to utter itself and to make every one of us its messenger. The truth is that there is a new and third stage in the evolution of men, just as real and important as is the period of adolescence. Without this third movement of growth the whole man has not arrived. From childhood up we all know moments of it, when a good spirit possesses us, and for the time we are kind and thoughtful and gentle and enjoy "being good." This is the good self, or the God in us; the whole man, body and mind and heart, work together and make a harmony. The motion is happiness.

To reach "the stature of a man" is simply to do and be, as the rule of our lives, what we gladly are at times and now and then, almost as if by accident. The new motion is as natural and delightful as every free motion of our limbs—swimming or skating or dancing, to which we give ourselves. Why should it not be the crown of all human motion to give the humanity in us full and free expression, to rise to our height and be wholly our best selves? No one ever made trial of this and did not like it.

Let us take the greatest and shortest of all parables, and liken what primarily we each have to do in this world, to the action of the sun that shines. Let us thus say that we are here to give light and heat and power, and continually to keep up this outward flowing motion of light. This is to be just, generous, modest, and friendly; this is to draw on everything good and true and beautiful within our reach and to turn it to use; this is to be a living cell in the vast

social body, in electric touch for good and never for evil with all the myriad cells in the spiritual universe; this is to share to the utmost in the life of God.

One thing seems certain, namely, that we can do very little for the betterment of the world and the cure of its tremendous evils with such men as now mostly sit in the seats of the mighty in church and state. Not that such men have not plenty of excellent material in them, but they have not come to the stature of men; they are not half humanized; they are full of fears, and they know of no way to fight their fears, except the old barbarous methods of violence, punishments, more and more laws, more courts, prisons, revenge, war. Whereas, the growing call of the world is to show us men, large-hearted, magnanimous, unselfish, full of light, full of sympathy, in whom the good spirit is already bringing forth its perennial fruits, love, joy, peace, fearlessness, and every other fine human flower, such as we are made to love and desire. Some day only such as these—whole men, of full stature shall inherit the earth.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

We have never hitherto believed in deportations. But the more we read the Congressional debates and interviews, the more definitely we are persuaded that the wise men who would reduce taxation by passing a bonus belong not in this country at all, but in the land that Alice discovered when she passed "through the Looking-Glass."

At the quadrennial convention of students held recently in Indianapolis, it was voted by a large majority that:

> We believe war is un-Christian . . . but we would resort to war in case . . ." etc.

Exactly! What is Christianity between patriots?

A Christmas sale in New York City for the benefit of the blind was organized on the basis of "Lutheran Day," "Methodist Day," "Unitarian Day," "Roman Catholic Day," etc. One would think that, for such a cause, good Christians might get together. But—great is Denominationalism!

Fred I. Kent, Vice-President of the Bankers Trust Company, is opposed to the *Christian Science Monitor's* idea of conscription of capital in war-time. He says that the scheme is impracticable, because capital would run away. Hu-u-mm!!—if men run away from conscription they are cowards, slackers, traitors. But—*capital!?!* Well, it only goes to show how much patriotism there is in capital, after all. Not as much as could be pricked by the point of a needle!

The theatrical season in New York has been glorified by another great event. First came Hampden's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Now comes the Theatre Guild's production of Bernard Shaw's new play, "St. Joan," apparently one of the great dramatic works of modern times. Happy the days that see these plays!

We sometimes wonder why a newspaper is called a "newspaper." Here is a front-page story, for example, that "Senator Lodge Champions Anti-Soviet Policy." Is that news? Our idea of news would be something like this—"Senator Lodge Champions Soviets—Announces Himself a Bolshevik."

J. H. H.

What I Saw in a Journey to the Volga

Editorial Correspondence.

Having been reminded several times that Moscow is not Russia—just as Paris is not France, New York is not America—I took a trip to the Volga. I was on the train only two nights and a day, going, a day on the river, 24 hours returning, but it supplied me with a good background for Moscow. One objective was Lvalinsk, the site of a prospective self-supporting boys' colony.

Our first tickets read to Suzran. The service was excellent. The weather (all through September) was fine. The country looked like North Dakota. One could see many herds of cattle and fine fields of cut grain. At every stop people were offering cooked food and fruit, or a little market could be found in an adjacent court.

The villages were numerous, nearly all being dominated by a big church, which was the one conspicuous building, with an occasional monastery thrown in. On our train was the Soviet representative from Turkestan. He was en route to settle some differences in his country.

We reached Suzran at daybreak. The boat landing of the Volga was four miles away. I had my first treat to a Russian wagon—springless, low wheels, long body. The road, part of the way, was cobbled stone. I have not a self-cushioned body, and my knees have not been trained to bend, and I enjoyed walking. I wonder that Russians don't walk more. Part way to the landing stage we passed a company of farmers—perhaps 50—who with their horses and wagons had probably passed the night there. I was told that they had brought their grain-tax which is five per cent—the only tax for the year.

The people look poor, judging by their clothes. Out

of famine, pestilence and war they have just reached a point where they will be able to turn their attention to clothes. The distinct feature of the Volga is that in June, at the time of the annual freshet, the banks are three to eight miles apart. By September, the river has lost three-fourths of its width. The steamers are big and comfortable.

We reached Lvalinsk about noon. Again a springless wagon, and the walking looked good, and making the big cathedral our North Star, we passed through the town, which had been hard hit by tidal armies, drought and typhus. First, I watched eight or ten dockers unload a big anchor which was being taken ashore for repairs. I was especially interested in the working song with which it was done. It reminded me of the "he-ho-he" of boyhood memories, when I went to a barn-raising in Ohio, although this was much more musical—would I could reproduce it!

There was a funeral in the town—the procession passed the church to the Soviet-House beyond, where short services were held. I heard that it was the funeral of a Soviet worker who had been caught in a machine. It seemed strange to see a funeral procession pass the church.

Then for a drive over the hills to the monastery, where the Boys' Self-supporting Colony was to be planted. The government grants the buildings and land and stakes the institution for about a year; then it must care for itself through the work of the boys. Can it be done? I shall watch with interest. Two members of the local Soviet were with us. They are practical men. The drive was a beautiful one, in little four-wheelers.

First we visited the convent, talked with manager and the mother superior—the latter having been there for 27 years. There are 20 or 30 nuns in all and nearly as many buildings, including a church. These are working nuns, that is, they farm, at least enough to support themselves. They have many bee-hives. Over the hill—on whose brow the foliage was beginning to take on a beautiful tint—we found a dozen or fifteen monks, who were also workers. There are many buildings, two or three of them being large enough to house a couple of hundred vacation boys, whom we saw.

There will be no attempt to dispossess these working monks and nuns, I understand, but to move them over a little, so as to make room for the boys. The day after we left, the Soviet members had arranged for a dozen horses to be at work getting in the fall plowing. I understand that this colony is to be named after John Reed.

The house I slept in, at Lvalinsk, occupied by the manager of lands for the Soviet, was taken over at the time of the revolution. In the morning I watched a couple of boys burrowed in straw in the middle of the street. The day before the street had been used as a threshing floor. I had seen men with flayles, *à la* Scripture style. The boys evidently slept in the straw to watch for thieves and crows. At the time, some of the latter were hovering dangerously near.

A visit to the market-place was very interesting, and bread, butter, eggs, fruit were very cheap.

While waiting for the boat to take us to Saratow, I paid a visit to a little village. This village is Ivanofka, which has 250 houses. We knocked at the door of one house, with no response. A kind woman next door greeted us from her porch, and we went to her—an elderly woman who had lost all her family in war or famine, except her husband, and he was too feeble to work. Her house had been stripped of all valuables. When asked if it were "the Reds or the Whites" who did it, she said she didn't know (ignorance is often discretion), for they both had come that way. She lifted up the lid of her bed-chest, and lo! it was empty. It had once been full of rich things. She brought cake and milk for us.

We called at the Soviet House, for every village has one. We just missed the meeting, and then went on to visit the priest. He said he had been compelled to work with his hands more since the revolution. He looked rather happy over it. He was shipping honey down the river. He said that the people of the village were conservative in religion; that he himself would be quite open to the ideas of the progressives—the "Living Church," as they are called.

Saratow looked attractive as I saw it from the deck of the big Volga steamer. There were domes and domes, big and little, and all picturesque. Here we used automobiles, and I saw much of the city. However, we saw camels trudging through the streets, hauling wagons.

I first visited two children's homes—one for tubercular children, the other for just plain orphans. The big buildings had both been private residences before the revolution. A once beautiful drawing-room had been turned into a playroom, a miniature stage having been built by the children. On the wall was a striking inscription as follows: "This rich man's house is the gift of the revolution to the children."

The people in the streets of Saratow were bright looking and quick stepping. Had it not been for a difference in dress and speech and architecture, I could easily have believed myself to be in an American city. I went to see a monastery, for I had heard so much about the closing of monasteries. I found the buildings now used for an old-folks home. There are remaining two churches as part of the establishment: One, the larger one, was called the "Red," the other the "White." Both churches hold services (for the community), there being a larger congregation in the smaller building. I was informed by a member of the Saratow Soviet that the "red" and "white" clergy were about equal in the city, but, being a communist, my informant added, "they are all 'white' to me."

On the way from Saratow to Moscow I stood some of the time on the rear platform. There was a continuous panorama of rolling prairies, villages with conspicuous domes, herds of cattle, acres of ploughed land. At the stations were the peripatetic tiny restaurants in human form. I noted the double tracks and saw that new rails, in many places, had recently been laid down. About fifty miles from Moscow I noted big power and light wires for electricity, and knew that a good part of Moscow was supplied by the brown coal generators—and the houses of Moscow, it seems to me, are unusually well lighted. Just before reaching Moscow, little girls offered a paper containing lists of amusements, of foreign consuls, of attractions, etc., to be found in the city—the proceeds of the sales to be used for children's homes.

These last items are intimations of what is taking place in Russia. One is impressed that he is among a people who are young in their enthusiasm to build. Many hands seem anxious to help—to sell a lapel-button or paper—and generally for a public cause like

a children's home or the air fleet. Russia has been named the "New West." The saddest sight on earth is central Europe—which has earth's highest civilization, whose industrial efficiency Russia only hopes to imitate, not surpass; which has churches, universities—without character and brains enough to live in comparative peace. If central Europe fails, Russia may become the New West indeed.

Nothing approaching Russia's revolution of 1917 has ever occurred. All the property and interests of 140 millions of people were suddenly committed to the hands of new leaders. Few doubt that they started with a noble program. Personally, when I think of the condition of mankind, I feel like praying for the Soviet Government; I could not find heart to curse it. At least, if some prefer to curse, it ought to be done with intelligence.

I passed a company of students as I walked from the station to my room. There are many thousands in Moscow—as many as ever, I am told. There is one great difference. Once serfs could not go to a university: Now ninety per cent of the students are named by the Labor Unions.

I also passed through the great square, where the men of the "Black Bourse" pursue their traffic. There were 2,000 there—and as busy as the operators on the New York and Chicago exchanges. These are the speculators of Moscow—never good looking humans, anywhere. They were selling and buying money and bonds. The Government is offering bonds with lottery attachment. Everyone is compelled to buy, for, the purchase money is taken from his pay envelope. He gets six per cent—every bondholder. In addition, every one gets a "chance" at a prize. I have always looked upon lotteries—by government, by corporations, at church fairs or in the selection of bishops—as a survival of witchcraft. But it brings in money, and the silversmiths always cry out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Some Questions I Asked

1. How much, if any, has the Government engineered the progressive movement in the church?

Little. It is inevitable that a revolutionary government should watch all organizations, especially when as powerful as the Russian church, lest they harbor or hatch opposition. The Soviet Government was hostile to the conservatives on the ground that they were politically reactionary.

2. How much censorship of the press?

(1) All cables sent out by foreign correspondents; (2) All correspondents submit their letters.

3. I asked a number, why Russia attracted them.

(1) One said, its unconventionality. In England people are divided into two classes: Those struggling to maintain conventions, those resisting them.

(2) Another: Can work conscientiously, because working for society, not for individual capitalists or corporations.

(3) Have a chance to expand.

4. Did church ever do much relief work?

No. In the first place, it was not permitted to. Its benevolent impulses were turned into giving bells, altar clothes, decorations, church ornaments, treasures, etc.

5. Why is there a marked absence of sex-consciousness in Russia? I observed this; so have many others. One thing I did not see in Russia was a man turning around and looking at a passing woman. One notices a quick change when passing into Poland and Germany. I have had several reasons given:

(1) Women in Russia have passed through so much suffering, and are so poor that they do not, or cannot, dress in a way to attract attention.

(2) The Puritan promotion of all kinds of prohibitions has produced sex-unnaturalness and consciousness in England and America. Russia never had a Puritan movement. (When I heard this given as a reason, I thought of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, which have not been seriously infected by Puritanism.)

(3) The great majority of Russians are brought up in the open air and contact with nature.

Whatever was the reason, it was certainly a great relief and like a breath of fresh air, to spend a month among a people where sex-consciousness is not emphasized at every corner and in every newspaper.

Sydney Strong.

NATURE'S WAY

A thousand years in thy long, patient sight
Are as a day swift passed, a watch at night.
—Ancient Hymn to the Evolving Force.

The moonlit beach allured me; and its tide—
Ceaseless, resistless—to my need replied.

"O eager soul, so transient and so weak,
Hear what my rote of endless years can speak:
Through half a century thy toil was spent
For peace on earth and discord's banishment—
Yet still must Love in sadness hide his face,
Still Brotherhood meets bondage and disgrace!
'Thus all was vain,' thou thinkest—sad in heart
That from unfinished task thou soon must part.
Learn, then, from Nature:—not the transient years,
But vast millenniums, wring smiles from tears!
Not in the span of one brief human life
Couldst thou expect the end of human strife.
Through countless weary eons I have rolled,
And watched the nebulæ and stars grow old.
From primal chaos and beginnings rude
I saw rich beauty bloom, things fair from crude.
These sands you tread were once earth's solid rock,
But ceaselessly I laved them,—shock on shock,—
And after epochs fathomless and drear
I crushed the contours of a hemisphere!
Through myriad ages meager growth was seen,
And yet, behold! to-day the earth is green:
Her granite cliffs, in powdered grains brought low,
Are whirled as dust by gentlest winds that blow.
In the vast cycles of earth's whirling race
Man has existed but a moment's space;
Though now he blooms, Time's wondrous cosmic flower,
Not yet are his the spirit's fruits and power.
What though thou soon art numbered with the dead,
Be not cast down, nor be disquieted!
Others shall follow thee, to still pursue
And solve thy task, and summon sweet from rue.
Man's willfulness shall surely sometime cease;
Read thou my parable and sleep in peace."

As on I paced, the surge still beat the shore,
And strength and hopefulness were in its roar.

Christian Register. *—James Harcourt West.*

"Loyalties" and the Problem of Conflicting Allegiances*

I

Galsworthy's play has enjoyed a wide popularity. It is a healthy sign that when so much offered in the theater is trash, a play as good as this should have received such generous recognition. Perhaps its vogue was due in large part to the thought that it dramatized the evil in anti-Jewish prejudice. I am inclined to think, however, that this was not Mr. Galsworthy's main idea at all. Strongly as he opposes race prejudice, he had something more inclusive to say.

The play begins with a house party where one of the guests discovers that his pocketbook has been stolen. He suspects another guest, Captain Dancy who, as it happens, has indeed been the thief. A friend of Capt. Dancy's, General Canynge, at first shocked by the charge against Dancy, has reason later to know that the accusation is correct. He will not, however, betray his friend. He insists to DeLevis, the man who has been robbed, that young Dancy is an officer and a gentleman: "You must not make this charge. If you do, I will have you blackballed when you try to enter the Jockey Club."

The conflict is heightened by the fact that DeLevis is a Jew. This makes most of the friends of Dancy stand by him the more doggedly. One of the women says, "The Jews all stick together. Why shouldn't we? It's in the blood." Some people imagine that in making one of his characters say this, Galsworthy is himself infected with race prejudice; but this is untrue. It is precisely the kind of loyalty indicated in the woman's remark, "The Jews all stick together. Why shouldn't we?" that the author is trying to displace. He knows how natural it is, how very common, and how, for most people, these elementary allegiances are more important than considerations of right and wrong. He knows how quick people are to take sides and to stick there, regardless of whether or not the side is right. The little boy in the lawyer's office understands nothing of the case; but wants his side to win just because it is his side. One of the law partners is willing to go on with the case even though he has at last learned that Dancy has really stolen. He has his loyalty to his client, and perhaps to his fee. His partner, however, is closer to Galsworthy's heart, because when he discovers that Dancy is the thief, he insists upon withdrawing from the case.

All sorts of fidelities are thus exhibited in the play —the loyalty to race and blood, the loyalty of friend to friend, the loyalty of members of the same caste, the loyalty of the partizan, and the rarest loyalty, that of the lawyer who sees that there is a kind of professional honor, not common enough yet, but binding nevertheless, which asks him to be loyal to justice and truth. The thought of the play is summed up in the answer which one of the women gives to the wife of the thief. When the wife says, "I hate half-hearted loyalties. Loyalty comes before everything," Margaret makes reply, "Yes, but loyalties cut up against each other sometimes, you know." The problem is made more serious for all of us by the fact that there is so much to be said for the point of view of the wife.

*An address at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, December 7, 1923.

II

Examine your own feelings. Is there not something within you which makes you brand disloyalty at once as contemptible and mean? The person who is disloyal is selfish. We love loyalty because the loyal person thinks of something else than himself. If people were not loyal, they could never trust one another. Without loyalty, there could be no friendship, no faithfulness of man and wife to each other and to their children, no citizenship, no fellowship of any kind. The selfishness of disloyalty strikes at the roots of all trusting association.

Fortunately the capacity for loyalty is one of the most natural endowments of the race. A trivial incident like this brought the fact again to my notice. I was coming home from my Study on the night of the big prize-fight in New York. Crowds were scattering from the bulletin boards of the newspaper offices on Fulton Street because the fight was over. A stranger, seeing that I was coming in the opposite direction, was kind enough to stop and tell me the good news that Mr. Dempsey had won. And then he added, "I am glad the American licked him." I thanked him for the information and thought, "This man's rejoicing that the American prize fighter beat the Argentinian is not only a very common feeling, but there is this good thing about it: he feels a pride in Amerca. At least to this extent, he is a better man than if he had no feeling of attachment to others in his country. He is like the boy in the law office hoping 'Our side would win.' It is a pity of course that his pride does not include more than rejoicing that the championship in pugilism remains with his country; but the hopeful thing is that the man with the pride in even that much can be taught to be proud of those achievements which more genuinely deserve pride. Without this primitive, quite boyish pride of his, the finer could hardly be created."

In other words, these simple, very human attachments are the raw material out of which are shaped the nobler allegiances. Without the boy's loyalty to his gang, you can scarcely expect the man later to be loyal to his larger groups, his lodge, his church, his city or country. There are people who would have children taught from the very beginning to be loyal not to country but to all mankind. I believe in that wider loyalty; but I cannot see how we can get it without making it an outgrowth of the narrower loyalties that come more naturally and come earlier. The best preparation for citizenship in one's community is to practice good citizenship toward brother, sister, father, mother in your own home. It is easy to call yourself a brother to the human family and fail most lamentably in your relations to those who are closest. Rousseau wept copiously over the sorrows of the human race; but each one of his four children he placed, at its birth, in the foundling asylum; and he never married their mother. The best beginning of loyalty to a larger group is to practice it in the smaller visible group first.

III

But here we come to the heart of the problem raised in Galsworthy's play and in many a tragic instance elsewhere. Loyalty is good, there is no question of that. As against the meanness in disloyalty, there can

be no other choice. But suppose we reach a stage in life where we realize, as Margaret did in the play, that loyalties cut up against one another, and that the sincerity of our conflicting loyalties may be the very thing that does so much havoc in the world? "We all cut each other's throats," she says, "from the best of motives." Or suppose we realize that excellent and indispensable as it is to begin with the simple natural human loyalties, there comes a time when we must be loyal to ideals whose service brings great pain to those we love?

Let me mention two historic instances where the simple, immediate loyalty did great wrong. Some thirty years ago, a Jewish Captain in the French Army was wrongly accused of selling war-secrets to the Germans. He was declared guilty however and sentenced to imprisonment on a lonely island off the coast of French Guinea. Had it not been for the courage of Emile Zola and others like him, Dreyfus would have died disgraced. When friends insisted on a re-trial, at once there rose to the surface deep-seated antagonisms. Army officers were almost unanimous in opposing any such step. The "honor" of the army was at stake. An army court had declared the man guilty; and for any Frenchman now to approve of a re-trial was disloyalty to the spirit of the army. The race question played its part as well; and the good name of France would have been irretrievably tarnished had it not been for non-Jews like Zola and Clemenceau who battled valiantly in his behalf. To the credit of France, the truth came out. Dreyfus was at last released and his name cleared. But so hot were the passions of loyalty aroused, that years later, when Emile Zola died and his body was conveyed to the Pantheon, it had to be brought around by a side street to avoid the crowds in the square outside who were there to desecrate the body and pitch it into the river. Why so? They were perfectly honest in their loyalty to France, and to their church, and they believed that Zola and Dreyfus had been disloyal to both. Saner judgment however leaves no doubt that Emile Zola had been as loyal to France as they. Only he was loyal to a better France, the France which stood to him for justice. Disloyal he had to be to the France of the mob; but his disloyalty was a badge of honor.

The other instance of a sincere loyalty which did its great harm appeared in the life of Robert E. Lee of Virginia. Here was a gentleman in the finest sense of the word. He emancipated his own slaves. He received from privates and officers alike an affection such as is given only to men of sterling character. A West Point colonel in 1861, he was offered the leading command of the Union forces; and if he had accepted, there can be little doubt that the able generalship which he was to show at Gettysburg and elsewhere would have ended the Civil War in less than the four cruel years it took. Had he been ambitious for himself, there was no reward he might not have asked and obtained.

But Robert E. Lee could not accept the command of the Union forces. He was against secession; he had no love for slavery. But he could not draw his sword against the people of his own state of Virginia. If you know the Southern nature at all, you are aware how deeply Southerners are attached to their own states. Called upon therefore to choose between his loyalty to the United States and to Virginia, Robert E. Lee did what the vast majority of men in his position would have done: he chose to throw in his lot with the people nearest to him.

Yet much as we may admire the man, why is it that we withhold from him our fullest respect? We honor the gentleman; we respect the love he felt for his own Virginia; but there came a time when his love for Virginia clashed with the love which he felt not only as citizen, but as army officer, for the United States. Highly creditable as his natural affection was, his loyalty to a state made him disloyal to a country; his allegiance to a nearer group made him disloyal to a wider one.

I can never think of the choice made by Robert E. Lee in the Civil War without feeling the more poignantly that the only choices open to him are those which thoughtful people must feel in every war. The conflict of 1861 we call a civil war because one part of a country fought against another part. But is any war between nations any less, in the deepest sense, a civil war? One member of the family of nations fights against another member of that family; both members fight not only against each other but against that larger humankind whose best interests require not slaughter but concord. Of all the sad things about war to me, one of the saddest is not that men are brutal out of wicked impulses, but that they commit their brutalities out of a passionate, honest sense of loyalty and of duty. Think of the boys you know who went to war from our country. They had been brought up to be honest, and kind, and just. Then came the war. Much as they might shrink from its perils, and from what, to many of them, was still worse than the danger, the need to take other people's lives, they went nevertheless. At home all the people to whom they looked up, their parents, their teachers, the ministers in their churches, the most important public officers, praised them. If they questioned at all, as some did, whether there was not something tragically wrong with the whole matter, their doubts were silenced by the honor which those whom they respected paid to them for doing their duty.

So it was in Great Britain, in France, in Russia. And so it was in Austria, in Germany just as truly. The German boy or the Austrian boy had been brought up like the English boy and the American boy to be honest, just and kind. He no more relished the task of plunging a bayonet into the body of a fellow human being than the boys that you know best. But he too had been taught to be loyal. He too was told by all whom he respected that he could keep their respect only as he did his duty to his country. Whatever natural feelings of loyalty to kith and kin American and British boys felt, were felt just as truly by the boys on the other side of the trenches. And it was all these loyal lads who gassed and crippled and blinded one another and killed one another off. It has been said that not least among the awful wastes of the war was the fact that some future Shakespeare on the English side and some future Beethoven on the German side blew out each other's brains. I can think of a sadder fact than the loss to the human family from this incident in the civil war among nations. It is the fact that the future Shakespeare and the future Beethoven and the future plain citizens, who would never have arisen to those heights of achievement, slew one another because they had all been taught to be loyal.

IV

Can you not see the world's bitter need? What is wrong with loyalty, the fine, beautiful, simple, human attachment we all feel to those who are closest to us, that it leads to all this?

People are taught to be loyal to a mixture of good and evil. It is this which stands in the way of fidelity to a truer good. At bottom therefore the problem is one of education. Beliefs and the conduct to which they lead do not just happen. They are the result of what people see and hear in the lives of those about them, what they think and feel and believe as a result of their life-experiences.

Two great needs stand out with all clearness. One is that the beginnings of the finest and the widest loyalty must be laid in the nearer, narrower and more visible and immediate kinds. I would respect, for example, the attachment which a boy of nine or ten feels to his gang and the objection he entertains to tale-bearing when a fellow-member does wrong. An adult citizen is expected to give information or otherwise assist his city and state even though he must overcome his natural repugnance to so doing. If a friend is guilty of theft, it is my business as a citizen to see that the law nevertheless takes its course. But a child cannot see this at its stage of development; and it is forcing the child's growth prematurely to expect it to overcome the natural revulsion most boys and girls feel against accusing one of their group. For the same reason, I would cultivate the feeling for one's own family as the beginning out of which is to grow right relationship toward the community. I would begin preparing children for world-citizenship by having them practice American citizenship first, and before American citizenship, right citizenship in Brooklyn or New York or Chicago. We do not get the best flowers by forcing the growth of a plant. The same is true of flowers of the spirit.

But it is equally important not to keep the child too long a child. And the great pity is that in this matter of loyalty, more men and women than we can count are still, in spite of their years, only boys and girls. The world is what it is, men still slaying one another in their conflicting loyalties, because so many people are still members of gangs, glorified gangs called nations, but gangs nevertheless in the blind, herd-loyalty which they exact. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child. Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things." Let us ask ourselves in all seriousness whether the nations have as yet put away the childish idea of "my gang"?

The thing to do is to flood the childish conception of loyalty with light. Men's natural loyalties are warm enough. What they most need is more understanding. It is a fine touch for Galsworthy to make the friend who knows that Dancy has stolen the money, a soldier. General Canynge is well aware that a soldier is expected, much as he loves a friend, to put his loyalty to his country above his friendship. In time of war, if his friend is aiding the enemy, General Canynge knows that no affection may stand in the way of the very plain duty of the soldier to arrest his friend if need be, or even to shoot him, in order to keep the safety of his country first. But the clearness with which General Canynge sees this only emphasizes the imperfection of his civic loyalty. As a citizen it is his duty to assist in the prevention of crime. His loyalty to Dancy is therefore a disloyalty to the code of civic duty and the code of simple honesty.

Moreover his loyalty to his friend is fidelity to the weakest in his friend. Dancy is capable of better things. He is unjust to himself when he becomes a thief. The finest loyalty to Dancy would consist, if not in informing the police, then in making Dancy himself confess. Dancy has done a wrong. So doing, he has dishonored his own higher nature. The first step toward re-affirming his higher nature would be for him to confess the wrong and to make restitution. To have him do this would be the truest loyalty that the friend could show, because it would be an act of loyalty to the truer and better man in the culprit. I know that this is difficult. Most of us are kept by our training in the childhood stage. The very way in which we phrase the conflict of duties indicates how backward we are. It is usually phrased in the words, "I love you; but I must see justice done." That use of the word "but" indicates how people keep the two things separate—their love of the person and their desire for justice. In reality, if only they knew it, the two things are one. The true mother does not say, "I love you; but I must forbid you this harmful thing." Instead she says, "Because I love you, I must forbid it. That is, I love this higher and better nature in you; and in the interests of that nature, I must do this painful thing." So of the man whose friend has done wrong. The right attitude does not say, "I love you; but I must disapprove of your conduct." It says, "Because I am your friend, I want you to be the honorable man." So likewise, he who loves his country most understandingly is not he who says, "My country right or wrong," but he who says, "Because I love my country, I want it to do right. There is an over-arching life to which even my country must bow, and in obeying which, it lives out its own best life."

V

But this demands courage; and as yet the training received in home, in school, in church and elsewhere, does not fit the majority to take such a view. Most of our training teaches us to follow the crowd, to adjust ourselves to our environment instead of making our environment over. The minority who do see further often lack the necessary bravery. More backbone to them! How people dislike to be called "highbrow"! Yet do you know where that term or its equivalent "the intellectuals" came from? William James in his recently published letters says that *"les intellectuels"* was the term of contempt used by the "red-blooded" party in France, "the party of every stupid prejudice and passion, during the anti-Dreyfus case, to satirize the men in France who still retained some critical sense and judgment." Where would the world be if those who must break with the nearer loyalty or the lower loyalty in the interest of the wider and the higher did not speak out? "Here I stand," said Martin Luther, aware enough that men would brand him as disloyal to the church in which he had been brought up and to which he owed his training, his opportunity to study, his chance to do his life-work. Grateful and appreciative he was indeed; but face to face also with the greater good which his church was not yet prepared to accept, "Here I stand, God help me," he said; "I cannot otherwise."

Put that courage at the services of a loyalty which

tries to have the group one loves live up to its highest and its greatest. If the world is not yet ready, when will it ever learn? For it is as clear as day that the usual loyalties, warm and human in the better sense as they are, stop short of their highest function. Good as they are, they must be directed by wisdom and moral courage into something better. Something plainly was deficient in the loyalty which Lee was taught from childhood to feel for Virginia; something was deficient in the loyalty which the foes of Dreyfus were taught to feel for France, something that made the loyalty of Emile Zola far better for mankind; something is missing in the loyalty most people are taught to feel for their countries, the sense of that over-arching good which requires international concord and good-will. Were this missing sense present, would the loyalties of men continue to breed the civil wars and the vaster civil wars among the nations? The need of more light is ever present. Those who have caught even the faintest glimmer of the higher realities must count themselves pledged thereby. Beyond the righteousness accepted of men today, there is a loftier righteousness of which we have caught only the flickering pre-vision. Yet are its claims upon us commanding. Unfailing be our response, always humble, but always frank and brave!

HENRY NEUMANN,
Leader Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture,
Brooklyn, New York.

Dr. John Clifford

John Clifford was the most commanding figure in the English free churches in the last generation; and his influence on English politics was not less than his influence on religion. He was beloved by men of every creed, and respected when not loved. For not every British bigot loved John Clifford. His long controversy with Spurgeon, a fight waged, and waged triumphantly, for freedom and progress in his denomination in England was essentially the same fight as that now waged by Dr. Faunce and his associates in America against our own Baptist "fundamentalists." In his famous crusade against the English school laws for their discrimination against the Nonconformists in favor of the Church of England, he made "passive resistance" fashionable, more than once permitting his furniture to be sold for taxes which he would not pay until the inequity was righted. These were typical chapters in his robust and resolute career. To the liberals of England his very name was the symbol of uncompromising honesty and truth. Lloyd George once said, "I would rather ring a coin on the conscience of John Clifford than on that of any other man in the country," and this during a campaign in which he was not supported by Dr. Clifford.

I first met Dr. Clifford in Boston about 1895. He spent the summer in Boston occupying the pulpit of Tremont Temple, where I heard him more than once. His home during the summer was with a dear friend of mine and I saw much of him and had many interesting talks with him. From 1901 we saw him on all our trips to Europe in the peace work, never failing to go to the Westbourne Park Chapel at least one of our London Sundays. There were always good talks with him after the service, and once he and Mrs. Clifford took us home for dinner and an afternoon of inspiring talk which remains a red-letter memory. In 1901, he was one of the most active and eloquent of "Pro-Boers." In 1908, when the International Peace Congress met in London, he was one of the speakers at one of the great Queen's Hall meetings. Lloyd George spoke at the same meeting prophesying what would happen (and did happen) if the existent European military system with its jealousies and hatreds and tremendous rival armaments was not superseded by just and rational international co-operation.

In 1908, the year of the Milton third Centennial, he invited us to a meeting at a West End hotel for the founding of a Milton Society.

The famous editor of the *British Weekly* was there and made an eloquent speech following Dr. Clifford. Mr. Mead was asked to speak on the significance of Milton to Puritan New England. Dr. Clifford was much interested in everything that pertained to Milton. It is certainly not Dr. Clifford's fault if London does not do what it ought to keep green the memory of her greatest son. When we came home, and often afterwards, we talked of a Milton Society for Boston. We have a Browning Society, a Ruskin Society and Dickens Society and similar organizations; but it is rather shameful that the far greater man is not honored so far as I know in any of our cities, and that there is no constant and systematic study of the great Puritan poet in the Puritan city.

Dr. Clifford was one of the hundred, mostly English and Americans, who gathered at Constance on Saturday evening, August 1, 1914, for that memorable first International Church Peace Conference which, meeting so hopefully, dispersed so precipitately and in such gloom. The clouds were so black on the Saturday that when the Executive Committee met in the evening, a High Church ecclesiastic expressed the feeling of more than one of them that the part of wisdom was for all to start for home immediately, before the clouds burst and return was cut off. But an American member recalled the story of Abraham Davenport which found general acclaim and work went on. It was for a very brief time. On Sunday came the official word that all must leave on Monday morning. Never did a Sunday begin with more fervent prayer, see more work done in a spirit of calm and resolute concentration than that Sunday. The next morning the little company under special safeguard, the clouds already bursting over their heads, left on the train down the Rhine for Cologne and on through the night to Flushing, for the English boat. It was all so hurried, and so tumultuous that I have no clear recollection of Dr. Clifford's presence through it. But I do have very vivid remembrance of the Conference at the Westminster hotel during the next two or three days following the return of the English and American delegates in London. Death has exacted heavy toll of that Constance group of devout peacemakers in the nine years since 1914. I do not know what others have been taken, but it is a poorer world from which have gone Allen Baker, George Nasmyth, Philip Moxom and John Clifford.

The next Sunday evening he preached a powerful and memorable sermon which we heard on the causes and significance of the war. It was printed in full in

the *Christian World,* and was at once brought out by the World Peace Foundation in pamphlet form and ten thousand copies were circulated in America. Dr. Clifford kindly co-operated, making certain changes to suit it better to the American public.

That was our last night of John Clifford. But we have known from time to time in these tragic years of his untiring service up to the limit of his strength for the great cause of peace and justice to which he gave his life. He was eighty-seven years old when he finished his career, the same age as Dr. Hale, our own great preacher of international justice. Their influence will never die. "The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

CORRESPONDENCE

PASSIVE RESISTANCE

Editor of UNITY,
Chicago.

Dear Sir: I am very grateful for UNITY, which you have been sending me by Dr. Strong's arrangement. I sometimes find material that not only interests me but is of value to our paper. Usually we are in accord with your views—the editor as well as I—but on the subject of passive resistance in Germany I fell out with you a little and wrote the enclosed editorial. It may interest you.

I hope UNITY has an increasing number of friends. It is certainly difficult to get support for a critical attitude, especially among people who are fresh from victory and conscious of great power. The need for better understanding between Japan and America seems to me overwhelming. Most of the people who are working for that cause appear to be intent on glossing Japan's crimes against Koreans and Chinese, and I cannot believe that that is the way to genuine friendship with Americans. However, one can be too critical, and I am hoping that the way will open for me to do something more positive than at present in the way of promoting fellowship.

I wonder whether you have thought of the advantages of Esperanto. I find it a great equalizer in my relations with Japanese. It seems to me that Americans hardly realize to what an extent English appears to the people of the Orient and elsewhere as the language of the dominating race.

R. B. Whitaker's letter on the China bandits is fine, but unfortunately there are few missionaries on his side.

All good wishes to you and your work.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN A. BRAILSFORD,
Editor, *The Japan Chronicle.*

Kobe, Japan.

[Editorial:]

HAS PASSIVE RESISTANCE FAILED?

That passive resistance in the Ruhr has failed is generally accepted as an obvious fact. The Chicago weekly paper UNITY, edited by the noted pacifist clergyman, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, indignantly denies it, declaring, on the contrary, that the policy, while it was proving a splendid success, was betrayed by Chancellor Stresemann, "in collusion with French and German industrialists." As a matter of fact, it says, passive resistance "has been such a triumph that France has had to plead for mercy and has unfortunately found German capitalists ready to play her game—for profit." In support of its belief it quotes from a speech of Mr. J. Henry Scattergood, an American business man, as to the success of passive resistance. That gentleman had tried to show that industries in the Ruhr were not idle. Krupp's, for instance, was working to 80 per cent of its capacity. What such concerns refused to do, however, was to supply goods to the French. But other observers have made it fairly clear that the Ruhr as a whole was hard hit, even while the Berlin Government was paying the 80 per cent unemployment dole to those who had gone on strike rather than work for the French. That the French at the same time were in a very bad way through the refusal of the Germans to operate the railways and the mines is equally evident. On this point Mr. Scattergood was more convincing. After pointing out that the French troops could hardly shoot the striking miners, as they had nothing to shoot them for, he said:

> The French have the mine; what will they do with it? They have to bring their laborers there, pay them cold cash. I haven't a doubt that every ton of coal that France has been getting is costing $500 a ton and in the earlier days $1,000 a ton. As the head of the Miners' Union told me: "She is not getting 1 per cent of what we used to give her for nothing. In that chair where you are sitting I told the head of the Rhine Commission, 'We will make up this default on coal as soon as the physical conditions permit, but if you come in here with your bayonets and try to make us work you won't get anything.' And they have not been getting 1 per cent."
>
> Since that time I believe the figures I have seen have brought it up to 7 and possibly 10 per cent of the coal they were getting for nothing. Bayonets do not mine coal very well; helmets do not bring it up. Soldiers are out of place in industry; they don't belong there. One of the French generals said to us, "If they start anything we will massacre them." But if they don't start anything, what are they going to do? They are all dressed up and nowhere to go.

A further eulogy of the policy of non-violence follows. This is somewhat confusing the issue.

Mr. Hugo Stinnes, the German industrial magnate who played a leading part in bringing about the abandonment of passive resistance, is quite at one with UNITY and Mr. Scattergood as to the wisdom of refraining from violence. But where he disagreed with them was in objecting to a Government-financed strike against the French occupation. It may be that Mr. Stinnes is lacking in nationalist sentiment. Or perhaps he is convinced that a strike, on the part of either a labor union or an invaded people is a foolish proceeding with practically no prospect of success. Many Germans will agree with the American critics in regarding Stinnes and Stresemann and their followers as traitors. But these could certainly put up a reasonable argument to show that in bringing about the abandonment of official passive resistance, they have done a service to the people of the Ruhr and of Germany at large. It was certainly weakening Germany to have to pay for the sustenance of about a million striking workers and their families. And long-continued idleness, even with doles assured, is no happy life for anyone. Most of the workers would find it impossible to move to other parts of the country. Meantime the stoppage of industry would be doing incalculable injury indirectly to small traders and people in allied industries far and wide. Chancellor Stresemann's statement that he was abandoning passive resistance entirely on account of the injury it was doing to Germany herself could be fairly well substantiated. He might have added that it was impossible to continue the policy indefinitely. France in this trial of strength had as strong a position as wealthy employers have in a labor struggle. Her wealth, while not inexhaustible, was far greater, in world values, than that of Germany. And the force with which she was able to maintain the occupation was very much smaller than the hundreds of thousands of families whom the German Government was supporting in idleness. Like other prolonged strikes, this national strike in the Ruhr was doomed. As a weapon of protest, the general stoppage of work, it cannot be denied, has value. It stirs public interest in the grievances of the workers, and, in the realm of industry, often gives the shareholders their first knowledge of the wrongs inflicted on those who produce dividends for them. So it happens fairly often that after a strike concessions are granted which the employers have previously declared impossible. However, if the struggle continues long and the employers are really determined, the workers' cause is hopeless. Capitalists can do without profits longer than workers can do without food.

The case of the resistance in the Ruhr is very similar, although in a sense the strike continues. The railway workers are still idle for the most part, and many industries cannot be resumed. This is largely because of the dispute between France and Germany as to the financing of industry in the Ruhr. For

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN ANTI-WAR CRUSADE IS BEING WAGED IN EUROPE

A vast movement, headed by M. Gaston Doumergue, President of the French Senate; M. Henry Paté, High Commissioner of the French Government; Dr. Dolpierre, Senator, and M. George Maurisson, Deputy and maimed ex-soldier, is now being carried on throughout Europe in view of suppressing wars. By stirring public opinion in all countries one of the main objects of this crusade is that the task of elaborating the "Judicial Peace Statutes" be confided to the International Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague.

This crusade has in France the support of 279 Senators and Deputies, 80 *Fédérations* or Associations of war veterans, maimed ex-soldiers, widows and orphans. Numerous committees are being formed all over Europe.

The "Universal Association to Suppress the Crime of War," founded by M. Henri Demont, Member of the Paris Bar, with headquarters at 130, rue de Rennes, Paris, is patronized by such eminent jurists as M. William D. Guthrie, of New York; M. Albert Salle, President of the Order of Lawyers of Paris; M. H. Raoul Rousset, Henri-Robert and G. Mennesson, Honorary Presidents of the above-named Order as well as by a large number of lawyers of the Courts of Appeal of Paris, Brussels and of the main cities of Europe.

This Universal Association which M. William D. Guthrie has consented to patronize invites the American peace organizations to amalgamate themselves with this Association in view of realizing the profound desire of all peoples to live and work in peace.

Its action is based upon the moral principle that "war is a crime punishable to the same degree as murder, that the individuals responsible for provoking war must hereafter be tried and condemned before an 'International Supreme Court.'"

This judicial crusade appeals to public opinion in view of instituting a universal organism which by the "Rights of Law" and a "Universal Judicial Constitution" will adjust the controversies arising between nations in the same manner as today in each state are settled disputes between individuals.

To establish at once this supreme security of the peoples by the respect and safeguard of human beings' sacred existence this Association launches in all parts of the Old Continent an immense movement of opinion so as to obtain from the newly created Permanent International Court of Justice the examination of:

1—A project in four codes of the "Rights of Nations."

2—A project of an "International Constitution" comprising the three following organs:

(a) A legislative organ or "Senate of Nations."

(b) A judiciary organ composed of an "International Court" destined to settle all disputes be-

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the French are not content to occupy the country but require the German Government to see that the workers are paid and that the reparations in kind are handed over, regardless of cost. In face of this demand and in consideration of her own financial condition, Germany is taking the only possible course, when she virtually says to France, "You have taken the Ruhr in order to get reparations. Very well, get them. We shall not hinder." For, whatever Germany may do, she has not the least assurance that France will give up the Ruhr. M. Poincaré's attitude is entirely dictatorial—he would have France keep the Ruhr as long as she pleases. She will leave when she is satisfied, but he gives no indication of what would satisfy her. So the deadlock continues, partly, owing to the dispute between the Governments and partly because of the unwillingness of the workers themselves to serve the alien oppressor. But Mr. Stinnes and the French capitalists are working for an understanding. There is hope that industry may revive before long. The occupation thus far has been a dead loss to France, and the feeling of the French people against this sacrifice of wealth in the name of chauvinist conquest must increase. Meantime international forces are working in the same direction. A conference is to meet to consider Germany's capacity to pay reparations. Though the present French Government may choose to flout the recommendations of such a conference, it cannot continue indefinitely to alienate the sympathy of the world as it has been doing since the war, while bankrupt itself financially, under the pretence that its deficits are going to be paid by bankrupt Germany.

So we may hope that the Ruhr will resume its industrial life before very long and bring renewed prosperity to Germany, France, and other countries which are normally engaged in trade with that busy hive. But the people of the Ruhr and of Germany who have any regard for nationalism will be eating bitterness. It is astonishing that no violent outbreak has occurred from the German side under the intense provocation received. The explanation is probably that the very thoroughness of the inculcation of nationalism before the war has brought a correspondingly thorough reaction. However, many people will be full of contempt for Messrs. Stinnes and Stresemann and their crew for placing considerations of bread and butter and peace and prosperity before patriotism. It indicates a drift of Europe towards the ways of the Orient. It is thus that China acts in the presence of aggressors. She offers no military resistance. If the invader claims indemnities, China says, "Come and take them." Meanwhile she places considerable hopes in the mutual hostilities of the aggressive Powers, and her hopes have not been altogether misplaced.

Under past conquests China has gone even farther. When the country was conquered by the Manchus, the Chinese leaders not only consented to accept the alien rule but offered to support their conquerors in permanent idleness. They looked to the time—though they knew it would be centuries ahead—when the decadence of parasitism would make the Manchus powerless. It would be strange if Europe should go so far as this in accepting the doctrine of submission. But the trend in that direction is certainly one of the most notable developments of the past century. After all, passive resistance is the way of helplessness, and though it may be, as some claim, more effective and less costly than war, it does not help humanity forward. Gandhi has done great things in India by means of the non-co-operation movement. But, as his countryman Rabindranath Tagore has told him, non-co-operation is like shutting the sunlight out from your windows. The French want Stinnes and Stresemann to go with them a mile—and they go with them twain. What is at the end of the second mile? Perhaps the German leaders believe that they can swallow the French as the Chinese swallowed the Manchus. M. Poincaré is exposing France's most vulnerable spot to the Germans when he complains—as he constantly does—that France can do nothing to help herself economically unless she gets it out of Germany. So long as Germany supplies the means for France to carry over year by year, the more dependent on Germany will France become. This can end only one way—in the absorption of France by Germany. Non-resistance may prove more dangerous to France than passive resistance.

tween nations and of an "International Supreme Court" to try all individuals found to be guilty of provocating war.

(c) An executive organ placed under the direction of the Senate of Nations with an International Police, an International Police Department, a Peace Department and various Commissions of control.

When finally established these two projects will form the "Charter of Humanity."

In the highest interest of humanity it is most desirable that an amalgamation of the American peace organizations with this European Association be established. How could such an appeal not be responded to by the Americans who at all times have always defended the principles of civilization, liberty and independence?

The French Groups of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, with Headquarters at 130 Rue de Rennes, Paris, are at the disposal of American Societies, or of any persons who desire to help establish this co-operation.

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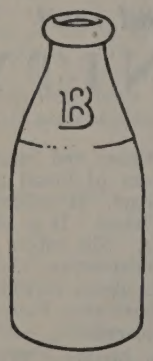
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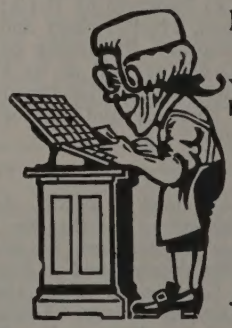
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I. That the United States shall immediately enter the Permanent Court of International Justice, under the conditions stated by Secretary Hughes and President Harding in February, 1923.

II. That without becoming a member of the League of Nations as at present constituted, the United States shall offer to extend its present co-operation with the League and participate in the work of the League **as a body of mutual counsel** under conditions which

1. Substitute moral force and public opinion for the military and economic force originally implied in Articles X and XVI.
2. Safeguard the Monroe Doctrine.
3. Accept the fact that the United States will assume no obligations under the Treaty of Versailles except by Act of Congress.
4. Propose that membership in the League should be opened to all nations.
5. Provide for the continuing development of international law.

UNITY, Chicago, Illinois

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